

Boobaleptic

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1378525) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1378525>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Kiryuuin Satsuki , Matoi Ryuuko , Jakuzure Nonon , Mankanshoku Mako
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-03-28 Completed: 2014-05-01 Words: 5,277 Chapters: 3/3

Boobaleptic

by [KillLaKillMe](#)

Summary

Ryuko develops a habit of falling asleep whenever she comes in contact with her sister's boobs.

Chapter 1

Satsuki had been sitting on their apartment couch watching TV the first time it happened. Ryuko walked in after coming home from her evening classes and threw her stuff on the counter by the door before crashing on the couch. Well, her body was on the couch. Her face was somewhere else.

“Matoi what the-” Satsuki shouted, flustered as a tomato while trying to pry her younger sister off her chest. The shorter girl hummed as she nuzzled her face into Satsuki’s breasts. “What the hell are you doing?!” She demanded.

“I had a long day of classes and I’m tired. Can you not talk so much? It’s making your amazing rack rumble.” Ryuko answered her, her voice muffled by her older sister’s bust.

“Okay.” That barely told her anything. “Care explain why you are motorboating your own sister?” She awaited an answer, but was met with light snoring. She looked down to see Ryuko knocked out cold, drooling all over her cami. “Great.” She mumbled in disgust. She slowly peeled the girl off of her before getting up to go to her room. Feeling her older sister instincts kick in, she sighed and padded over to the linen closet to get her a blanket. She laid it over Ryuko and turned off the lights before heading into her room for the night.

The next morning, Ryuko sat at her desk in History groaning and rubbing her neck. Mako, her one and only best friend, eyed her curiously. “Uh, what’s with the zombie noises?” She questioned.

“Eyebrows fuckin’ left me on the couch last night instead of carrying me to my room like she usually does. Now my neck hurts like a fuckin’ bitch.” She grumbled in response.

“Oi, Matoi. Cut the language. It’s nine in the fuckin’ morning. Learn some freakin’ decency.” Nonon imputed from behind her.

“Learn to mind your fuckin’ business and stop eating my ass.” Ryuko replied, turning to face her. “Not that you would ever get your head out of my sister’s long enough to do it.” She added, giving her a shiteating grin.

Nonon made a noise of disgust as Ryuko turned back around to continue her conversation with Mako. “Anyway, my neck is killing me. Could you give me a little bit of your magic?” She asked, taking off her leather jacket.

“Sure!” Mako affirmed, cracking her knuckles and rubbing her hands together. She began to work on Ryuko’s aching neck and upper back diligently. Ryuko thanked the heavens that her friend came from a family of doctors. She knew every pressure point, every muscle, every contour, and every way to make Ryuko putty in her deft hands.

“So, I discovered I have like, a hidden kink yesterday.” She told the other girl conversationally, as if it was totally normal for a girl to be giving another girl a massage in a crowded university classroom.

“Oh?” Mako wondered, as she worked on the dark haired girl’s back. Ryuko’s sexuality wasn’t a mystery to her. So when she found something new to share it didn’t surprise her in the slightest.

“Yeah. Like, I think Satsuki’s boobs are awesome.” Ryuko confessed. “They’re like, heaven or some shit.”

“Wait, are you in love with your sister? Like, on some incest level stuff?” Mako stopped what she was doing to look her best friend in the eye.

“What? No! It’s just....they’re really soft. Plus her tits are like double D or something so they like, cover my whole face. It’s awesome.” Ryuko told her. “It’s weird though,” She pondered, “When I stuff my face in them, I fall right to sleep.”

“You’re a boobaleptic?” Mako asked.

“A what a what?” Ryuko repeated.

“A narcoleptic, except with tits.” Mako explained, finishing her massage up. She handed Ryuko her leather jacket back. “It’s actually pretty funny if you think about it.”

“Yeah. I guess you could say that then.” Ryuko agreed, shrugging it on. She felt Nonon’s eyes on her again. She turned to face her. She turned around to face her once more. “Oh yes, that’s right Oscar the Grouch, I got to second base with her before you did.”

She turned back around and smiled triumphantly as Nonon threw a wad of paper at her.

“That was mean.” Mako scolded her.

“She’s a troll. Who had it coming.” Ryuko responded as the class began.

Chapter 2

The second time it happened they were at lunch. Mako was sitting on the other side of the table while Ryuko and Satsuki sat beside each other.

"Did you really have to be such an ass towards Nonon?" Satsuki asked her with her eyebrows raised. She stuck her fork in her salad before looking back at her.

Ryuko picked at her burger and snorted. "Yes. She was being a nosey little shit. So I had to put her in her place." She flicked a fry at Mako, who caught it in her mouth. The two fist bumped and Ryuko turned back to her sister to see her give her a condescending look. "What?"

"I can't believe you of all people turned out to be my sister." Satsuki mumbled in disbelief.

"Oh lighten up, Satsuki-chan. It could be worse." Mako told her, tearing up a napkin. "Besides you know as much as I do you wouldn't want anyone else as your lil sis." Satsuki blushed and turned away from the younger duo. "Yeah I guess you're right." She mumbled, twirling a piece of black hair.

Suddenly, Ryuko bristled. "Shit! Hide me!" She said, trying to duck under the table.

"What? From who?!" Satsuki demanded, looking wildly about herself.

Ryuko didn't answer. She just pulled Satsuki towards her and shoved her face right in her chest.

"Ryuko! Seriously?! Now of all times?!" Satsuki whispered, hurriedly trying to pull her off. A few wandering eyes fell on them as their curious classmates wondered as to why the two sisters were doing such a lewd thing in public. She didn't want people to get the wrong idea!

"Aikuro is coming this way and if he finds out that I skipped his class today I'm gonna end up in detention!" Ryuko's muddled voice answered her.

Mako, who had seen the whole thing, peered over to see that Ryuko's eyes were already closing. She giggled. "Boob induced coma in three....two..."

Ryuko started snoring before she even got to one.

Satsuki face palmed.

Aikuro sauntered over to the table. "Good morning, girls." He greeted. He looked over at the pair of sisters and gave a confused look. "Did I...interrupt something?"

"Uh, nope." Satsuki answered.

Aikuro nodded. "Why uh, is Ryuko sleeping on you like that?" He asked, pointing to her chest, obviously staring at it.

“She...couldn’t sleep last night so I’m letting her take a nap.” She lied. Ryuko nudged into her chest even more, getting her wet drool all over her cotton top. Satsuki winced from the feeling.

“Okay. Tell her she has detention for skipping my class this morning for me.” He told her, before walking away.

Satsuki made a disgusted sound as she pushed her sister off of her, letting her head hit the table with a loud slam. That woke her up immediately, and she started screaming and cursing in pain. “Holy mother of fucking hell! Holy shit that fucking hurts!” She groaned, holding her forehead. “The fucking hell did you do that for?!” She demanded, glaring at Satsuki.

“You fell asleep on me. Again.” Satsuki deadpanned.

“Yeah, and?” Ryuko pressed. “What’s the problem?”

“We are in public! Have you no decency?!” Satsuki shouted, waving her hands at her now Ryuko spit stained blouse. She couldn’t even muster up the strength to glare at her. It would literally take every fiber of her body not to hurt her little sister right now. Taking what she assumed was a calming breath, she clenched her fist and punched Ryuko in her stomach.

Ryuko fell back off her seat and rolled on the floor in pain. “What the fuck was that for?!” She wheezed, trying to catch her breath. She felt like she was about to throw up everything she had eaten since this morning. Which was a lot, considering she was a college student who gave zero fucks about what went in her pie hole.

“For being you!” Satsuki answered, getting up with her lunch tray. She stepped over her sister indifferently and headed towards the table where her four friends sat. “Oh, and by the way, you still have detention!”

Ryuko groaned as she picked herself up with the help of her chair. She coughed, still trying to recover from having the wind knocked out of her.

“You weren’t kidding when you said those things knock you out.” Mako told her nonchalantly as if Satsuki judo chopping Ryuko in the stomach was normal. Which it was. Anyone could tell you they fought. A lot. Like, physically. It was mostly Satsuki who did the hitting. Upside the head, in the arm, jabs to the stomach. If she was able to hit it, she did.

“Yeah, I know right? And I have no idea why.” Ryuko croaked, managing to get back in her seat. “It’s like I’m under a spell or something.”

“Or you’re just attracted to your sister. It’s okay, we’ve all been there. I used to think she was hot too.” Mako told her raising her hands in surrender.

“Yeah, no.” Ryuko answered her, flicking a fry at her. “The day I ever bang my sister would have to be the day that I got so shit faced I forgot my own name.”

“Uh, that happened already. Last Tuesday. You were so drunk you came to class in your pajamas.” Mako reminded her. “You didn’t even take a shower.” She scrunched up her face at

the memory.

“Whatever.” Ryuko dismissed. The bell rung, and the two dumped their trays into the garbage. Collecting their things, they headed to their next class.

A few hours later, Satsuki came home to a wrecked apartment. Stepping over the pair of skinny jeans strewn about on the floor by no one but Ryuko, she made her way to the couch to see that Ryuko was asleep on it with her guitar in one hand and a beer in the other. Ever since they started college, Ryuko threw herself into her music. Or what Satsuki calls her “drunk wailing.” Rolling her eyes, she reached down and shook her.

“No...just let me see him one last time...” Ryuko mumbled in her sleep. Him? Who was him? Satsuki shook her once more and Ryuko mumbled something else. “No...Dad...please come back....I’m sorry....Dad....Dad!” She awoke in fright, sweat materializing on her chest and face. She looked like she was on the verge of tears.

“Ryuko?” Satsuki whispered. The younger girl gave her a wide eyed look, as if she didn’t see Satsuki kneeling next to her at all. There was a silence, the two of them just staring at each other like neither one knew what to say next. “It still hurts.” Ryuko narrowed her eyes in confusion at Satsuki’s statement. “His death I mean.”

The shorter girl nodded, feeling her tears betraying her. “I miss him. Like, a lot.” She croaked. “I just want him back.”

Satsuki couldn’t believe what she was about to do, but she put her things on the floor and peeled off her extra layers until she was in just in a cami and her underwear like Ryuko was. She then slide onto the couch and made grabby motions with her hands. Ryuko took the offer and cuddled into her chest.

Sighing, the younger girl stopped crying as Satsuki brushed through her hair with her fingers. She couldn’t help it. Satsuki’s fingers were magical. Speaking of magical, she could feel herself drifting again. “Thanks, Eyebrows.” She said, sleep taking over her. Before Satsuki could respond, Ryuko was already asleep.

The next morning, there was loud banging coming from the other side of the apartment door. It didn’t wake Satsuki up, but it sure annoyed the hell out of Ryuko; thanks to the impending hangover she was having. Grumbling to herself and cursing at whoever it was on the other side, she got up off the couch and shuffled towards the door. “The fuck do you want?!” She shouted, swinging it open. She didn’t see anything until she looked down to see Nonon glaring at her.

“Oh great, it’s the grumpy old troll. What do you want, Nonon?” Ryuko demanding, staring down the other girl equally. She crossed her arms and leaned against the door, smirking when she saw that Nonon was blushing when she realized Ryuko was in her underwear.

“I just wanted to give Satsuki back her math textbook.” She responded, flipping a strand of pink hair out of her face. “Though it appears she seems to be busy.” She added, noticing the taller girl’s sleeping form on the couch as the sun shone on her.

She was clearly jealous, and Ryuko could see it. Which would make what she was about to say even sweeter. “Yep. Real busy. With me. Because we slept on the couch. Together. Did I mention we slept together? On the couch?” She could literally see the blood vessel in Nonon’s forehead throbbing. Good. She deserved it. Ryuko could tell she didn’t have a comeback either, because her lips were pressed into a tight line.

“Well,” Nonon started. “Satsuki would have to keep an eye on you since your so immature. Monkey.” She insulted.

Ryuko snorted. “Is that really the best you got? How bout this? You give the textbook, I’ll leave it on her desk, and when she gets up, we’ll have nice hot incestious morning sex. That sound good to you?” Nonon shoved the textbook into Ryuko’s hands and stomped down the hallway.

Triumphant with her win, Ryuko shut the door and put the textbook on the coffee table. It was about this time that she heard Satsuki start to stir. “Hey.” She greeted.

“Hey.” Satsuki greeted back. “Who was at the door?”

Ryuko tried to conceal the grin on her face as she walked past Satsuki into the kitchen to make them some coffee. “Oh, you know, just some Jehovah’s witness.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ryuko groaned as she laid on the couch with a major headache. She almost regretted getting drunk with Mako last night. Almost. She had a midterm today, something she obviously couldn't miss, and also couldn't seem to quite convince herself to get up and shower for.

Yes, she was still in her sweaty, vomit smelling clothes from the night before. She remembered last being on the floor, and didn't know how she got onto the couch. Probably thanks to Satsuki, no doubt. She made a mental note to thank her sister later.

Just then, the door to the apartment opened, and the savior herself stepped in before locking it. "Nice to see you're alive." She commented, dropping her things noisily onto the counter in the kitchen.

Ryuko grunted in response.

"Who goes out partying the night before a midterm anyway? An important one at that. I get that you're a music major and all but you have to remember that you have other classes!" Satsuki scolded, standing over Ryuko now with her hands on her hips. The latter girl didn't respond. Satsuki made a 'Tch.' sound and threw a bottle of water and aspirin at her. "Get up and shower. You stink. Test is in thirty minutes."

"You know, I've had to do without a mom all my life, and god knows I would never have wanted that rainbow psychopath as a mother, but when you nag me like this it just really makes me glad that I got Dad." Ryuko mumbled, slowly sitting up.

Satsuki glared at her.

"Sorry." She mumbled quickly. "You know I didn't mean it like that."

"Yes, well, it certainly came off that way." Satsuki grumbled, unpacking the groceries she had bought from the family owned supermarket a little ways up from their complex.

Ryuko poured almost half the bottle of aspirin into her mouth and swallowed it with a huge gulp of water. Satsuki watched her do it too, bewildered at how the younger girl hadn't choked from that. She was also pretty sure she hadn't eaten anything yet. "You have got to take better care of yourself." She commented, shaking her head and resuming her task of putting the food away.

"Oh what, so I should start drinking those shit tasting kale shakes you make every morning and go jogging with you at the fuckin' ass crack of dawn?" Ryuko responded snidely.

Satsuki sighed, putting her hands on the counter. "It would be a start, yes."

"Not a fat chance in hell." Ryuko snorted.

“That’s not the only thing that’s fat...” Satsuki trailed teasingly.

“Oi!”

The older girl laughed. “It’s not like it’s not true. All you eat is ramen and microwaved pizzas. Do you know what a cooked meal even looks like?” She asked, raising a brow. With their conflicting class schedules, Satsuki was the one to cook breakfast and dinner on weekends. On weekdays, since her debates and politics classes ran late, and since Ryuko was as lazy as they come when it came to cooking for herself, her diet consisted of nothing but carbs.

“I went a boarding school where it was the same shit different day. I wouldn’t know a well done steak from a baked potato. Dad wasn’t much of a cook either.” Ryuko responded, running a hand through her locks.

“Mother was...an adequate cook. Even though her soul be damned. The woman was a homicidal maniac but god could she make the best meals.” Satsuki reminisced.

The two shared a short laugh.

Ryuko stretched. “Welp. I guess I better get ready. Don’t want to disappoint Onee-chan now do we?” She said in a mocking tone.

Satsuki shrugged. “Do what you want, Ryuko. See if I care. Just know if you drop out I’m not paying for anything that belongs to you. Including the cable.”

Ryuko threw herself back onto the couch and groaned again.

“I am so sure I fuckin’ failed. In fact, I can bet my whole tuition I did.” Ryuko said, putting on her shades as she and Mako left their History class.

“That’s what you get for not studying for the midterm, dummy.” Mako told her walking beside her. “And please don’t bet things you can’t give up.” She added, her eyebrows creasing.

Ryuko shrugged. “Nah. As far as I know, I’m a certified Kiryuin now. I got money coming out my ass. Course, ninety five percent of it won’t be coming out of my ass until I’m eighteen.” She added sourly. “Satsuki gives me an allowance every month. I get that she’s supposed to be the doting older sister but holy shit is she fuckin’ overbearing.”

“Hey, you actually learned a word from English class!” Ryuko glared at her. Mako gave her an apologetic look. “Sorry. Besides, she’s just making up for all the time that you guys were apart. I mean, I know if I found out I had a younger sister, I would be fawning all over her.”

“I think she cares a little bit too much. Like way much. She basically told me that I was getting fat this morning!” Ryuko scowled, rolling up the sleeves of her flannel shirt.

Mako looked at her stomach. “Well she’s not lying.” She snorted. Ryuko shot her another glare. “What? It’s the truth! All you do is eat junk food and get wasted! That shit fucks up

your metabolism! Let me tell you, there are people who are born fat, and then there are people who were born to be fat! Have you seen my Dad?! I'm seriously not trying to let heredity win with me!"

Ryuko laughed. "Well, lucky for me, I don't have any fat people in my family." She paused. "I think. I really don't know much about my family." She rubbed the back of her neck. "Kinda sad, huh?"

"Yeah, you could write a Lifetime special." Mako responded as they reached the door to Ryuko and Satsuki's apartment.

Ryuko snorted in response as she opened the door, but paused when she smelled that something was being cooked in the kitchen. "Oi, Satsuki?" She called, walking in behind her. Whatever it was that she was making smelled amazing. She didn't even realize how hungry she was until she had walked into the apartment.

"Sacchan!" Mako called. She then spied the older girl coming from the back into the front with a dish towel in her hands and an apron around her waist. She even had a bandanna on her head.

"What's with the get up, Cooking Mama?" Ryuko sneered.

"Well, I figured since you've never really had a homecooked meal besides what you ate at Mako's house, I decided to cook us dinner. And you're welcome to have some too, Mako." Satsuki responded, putting the dish towel on the island in the kitchen. She took a spoon out of one of the utensil drawers and used it to stir whatever she had boiling in the pot.

Mako and Ryuko peered over her shoulder curiously. Ryuko tried to reach over her but winded up retreating her hand when the older girl smacked it away. Grumbling Ryuko left the kitchen. "I don't understand why you can't just let me see!" She yelled, plopping down on the couch and folding her arms.

"You'll see soon enough." Satsuki replied, rolling her eyes. She knew Ryuko was impatient as ever. She concluded that was probably why she usually ate the things she did. No patience and a short temper was recipe for disaster. In and out of the kitchen.

Mako went to sit beside her friend. "Oh please you weren't even hungry until we just came in." She said, rolling her eyes as well. She knew as much as Satsuki how much of a short fuse Ryuko had.

"Well now I am." Ryuko responded, angrily.

"You shouldn't have to wait much longer." Satsuki told her, adding some spices into the pot and stirring it. "It's just about done. Think you can last at least five more minutes?"

"If you come over here and let me shove my face in your tits, then yeah." Ryuko replied, leaning back on the couch to look at her throw the window of the kitchenette. Satsuki made a disgruntled sound, and Mako rolled her eyes. When it came to saying things with extreme vulgarity even when she really shouldn't, Ryuko was a master.

Satsuk was not impressed.

“Remember when I said that you are attracted to your sister? Yeah. This is what I was talking about.” Mako said, pointing to her.

“Oh come on. It’s not that weird.” Ryuko dismissed.

“You just asked your older sister to get her ass over here so you could motorboat the fuck out of her like she’s your girlfriend. Yeah, attracted.” Mako said, raising an eyebrow.

“That doesn’t mean I’m attracted to her!” Ryuko shouted defensively, crinkling her nose up in disgust. Why would she? Even though her and Satsuki hadn’t grown up together, they were still sisters after all. Besides, their mother had molested Satsuki for years. She didn’t want to add onto that.

“Okay, let’s try this again.” Mako sighed exasperatedly, rubbing her temples. “What do you like most about Sacchan?”

Satsuki’s ears perked at the mention of her name.

“Well she’s smart. If it wasn’t for her I’m pretty sure I wouldn’t have passed my entrance exam.” Ryuko said, looking up to the ceiling in thought. “And she has this obsession with Iggy Azalea that makes her a total dork.”

“Alright. What do you like about her, physically?” Mako asked slowly putting emphasis on the last word, and raising an eyebrow in suspicion.

“She’s got amazing hair. And her eyebrows are cute. Also her hips are out of this world! And-” She stopped when she saw Mako giving her a smug look. Ryuko cleared her throat. “I mean, so I hear.”

“From who?” Mako asked, smirking.

“Uh, you know, guys around campus?” Ryuko answered, blushing nervously. “I overhear their conversations in class and stuff.” She added, seeing that Satsuki was watching them out the corner of her eye.

“You’re so fucking lying!” Mako laughed, pointing at her.

Ryuko blushed even more. “I am not!”

“You even told me yesterday that her boobs were amazing!” Mako yelled, barely able to contain her amusement. “Who says that about their own sister?! Huh? Mataro doesn’t even say that about me and he’s a twelve year old boy! I see the way you look at her, Ryuko! You totally want to bang Satsuki!”

Ryuko grinded her teeth. “Fine! Fine! Alright! I think Satsuki’s hot! But can you freaking blame me? I didn’t know she was my sister until a few fucking months ago! But I do not want to bang her!”

Satsuki stood in the kitchen slack-jawed, unable to turn around to face her little sister and her friend. Coolly regaining her composure, she wiped her hands on her apron and cleared her throat, spinning on her heel to confront them. “Dinner’s ready.” She said quietly.

Mako and Ryuko both gave her wide eyed looks, both obviously having forgotten she had been standing right there.

“Uh, okay.” Ryuko mumbled, mechanically getting up from the couch. She had gotten up to retrieve three plates from the cabinet when Mako spoke up.

“Actually...”

Ryuko glared daggers at her. She knew exactly what her best friend was about to do.

“I just remembered I can’t stay.” She announced awkwardly. “I have to get ready for my date with Ira. You guys have fun.” She collected her things and waved to them both before leaving out the door.

And leaving an uncomfortable silence in her wake.

“So, uh. I guess it’s just us then, huh?” Ryuko tried, conversationally. She shifted her weight from one foot to the other shyly. And when Satsuki didn’t respond, she placed the now two plates onto the table and got the forks out of the utensil drawer.

That’s how it was for a while, both girls not talking. It was better that way. Anytime either of them tried to say something during the meal, it always came out unpleasantly, and it seemed what was behind what they wanted to say was the attempt to address the elephant in the room.

Satsuki finally grew the guts to say something as they were sitting on the couch watching T.V. after dinner.

“Ryuk-”

“Ah, okay, I knew this was coming, and I know you wanna ask me somethings, but like, let me explain because I’m not fuckin’ good with talking about things like this.” Ryuko cut her off, talking rapidly.

Satsuki closed her mouth and nodded, letting her take the floor.

“Yeah, I’m attracted to you. And well, it’s because, you’re one of the first people I had a real connection with. Like, yeah, me and Mako are cool, but me and you have a connection that I could never have with Mako. You’re my sister, and I love you. But yeah all that jogging and those shit shakes are doing you justice.” The younger girl stated, then puffed her cheeks out, looking at her older sister.

Satsuki took a deep breath. “I see what you mean, about the special connection.” She said, watching Ryuko relax. “Also, as much as it pains me to say this, I do observe the way you look at me sometimes. It’s....weird.” She breathed a laugh due to her lack of words.

“I’m pretty mixed up about this also.” She assured her. “We’re related. It wouldn’t be good for us to be having relations. It be bad for our careers. School and otherwise. Especially since I’m entering politics. Your opposing candidates will be find anything dirty on you. And if anyone found out I was actually having sex with my sister...my political career would be ruined.”

Ryuko bit her lip and nodded understandingly. It would be bad for this to happen and for things to get out. People were cruel, and while they had exceptions, in other people's eyes, there were no exceptions. They were Kiryuins, and while REVOCS was in shambles, the last thing they needed was bad publicity their way. Mainly because they both were entering careers where their private lives would leak into the public eye whether they liked it or not. “Well, I mean, we could test it.” She suggested, blushing turning away from Satsuki.

“Test what?” Satsuki asked, raising her eyebrows in confusion at her sudden introverted behaviour. She had absolutely no idea what Ryuko was talking about with her being so vague.

“This, whatever it is. We should kiss, and see what happens.” She glanced up at her with flushed cheeks and an embarrassed look on her face. She saw the shocked look Satsuki was giving her and quickly backtracked. “I-I mean, if you want to.”

Satsuki breathed in and out slowly, her heart beginning to race. “I-I-I guess an experiment of these feelings wouldn’t hurt.” She stuttered, going pale. She felt the cushion beside her shift as Ryuko got on her knees and faced her. Satsuki positioned herself so that she was on her knees too. “You go first.” She suggested, swallowing unsurely.

Ryuko nodded and let out a shaky breath. She leaned forward, cupping Satsuki’s face and made eye contact with her before closing her eyes and pecking Satsuki on the lips. She began pulling away when she saw that the older girl hadn’t reacted yet, but Satsuki grabbed her wrist and pulled her back towards her.

“You can, you can do more.” She whispered permissively.

Ryuko straddled her, and pinned her arms above her head. In this position, their breasts were almost touching. Both of them gasped. Ryuko looked to Satsuki for approval, and the other girl nodded before she crashed her lips upon hers.

This was more than a small peck. This kiss was explorational, inviting. Satsuki couldn’t help but arch herself so that she was closer to Ryuko. The temperature was slowly rising around them, and it made every inch of her skin feel like it was on fire.

“Take off your shirt.” Ryuko commanded, gasping for air as she broke apart momentarily much to the distaste of the older sister.

Satsuki gave her a confused look. “Why?”

“Because I wanna see those amazing tits up close and personal.” Ryuko responded, tugging at her cami with a shit eating grin.

Satsuki rolled her eyes, and took off her shirt, throwing it haphazardly behind her.

Ryuko stared at her sister's chest in awe before diving right in. She started kneading at her sister's mounds like putty in her hands. She smirked when she heard Satsuki's breathing quicken and let out a sharp moan.

Getting tired of touching them she put her face to her sister's breasts and began sucking on one while continuing to play with the other.

"Ngh! I thought we were just testing things out!" Satsuki huffed, groaning as Ryuko continued to work on her chest. She frowned at the fact that the younger girl still had her pants on while she was nearly naked.

"Whoops." Ryuko replied nonchalantly. She tweaked her thumb over one of Satsuki's nipples and switched boobs, sucking on the right one now.

Satsuki was so close to yelling out in ecstasy when she felt Ryuko slump on top of her. She looked down to see that her little sister was knocked out cold. "Seriously?!" She groaned in frustration.

Chapter End Notes

aaaah you thought I was going to make them fuck. Haha i ain't about that life. funfact: The some of the "Some people are born fat" rant Mako had said came from The Breakfast Club.

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